

The Oxford County Citizen.

VOLUME XXV—NUMBER 48

BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1930

Four Cents Per Copy—\$2.00 Per Year

BETHEL AND VICINITY

Erma Marshall is working in Bryant's Market.
John Carter is spending this week with his family.
Miss Minnie Capen is assisting in Miss Stearns' store.
Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Howe have been on the sick list.

Elphalett Blake of Island Pond, Vt., was in town Wednesday.
Mrs. Estelle Goodridge spent Monday with Mrs. E. O. Robertson.

Eugenia Haselton was the guest of Mrs. Everett Mitchell Monday.
Guy Vail and family are living in the Harry Bryant house in Merville.

Mrs. Addie Conner is staying with Mrs. Angella Clark for a while.
Martha Brown spent the week end with Kathryn Lowell at West Bethel.

Mrs. Marshall Hastings entertained the Outing Club at luncheon Tuesday.
Miss Edith Ripley is enjoying a vacation from the office at Bethel Inn.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hall were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hall.

Mrs. Elizabeth Griffin has purchased the property on Mill Street of Roland Annis.

Eddie Files of the C. M. Rice Paper Co. was a business visitor in town Tuesday.

S. S. Greenleaf was in Rumford Tuesday morning to attend a funeral for Mr. Votter.

Arthur Horrick is in St. Barnabas Hospital for a few days observation and treatment.

Gladys Salls, teacher in the South Bethel school, visited the village schools Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker Conner and Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Brown were in Lewiston Saturday.

H. Pollerlin of Berlin, representing the Royal Typewriter Co., was in town on business recently.

Elocta Chapin was in Rumford recently to visit her father, Mr. Chapin is slowly recovering.

Mrs. Perley Flint entertained five tables at bridge Saturday evening. Refreshments were served.

Mrs. Millie Clark and Mrs. David Forbes of Rumford were calling on friends in town Sunday.

Mrs. Laura McKean has returned from West Paris where she has been employed for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Brown of Bryant Pond were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Brown.

Bodricke McMillin spent the week end with his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. James Glover, at Oxford.

Earl Bartlett has joined the U. S. Marines and is stationed off the coast of South Carolina.

Mumps have been prevalent in the village for some time. Most of the cases are among the students at the Academy.

Mrs. Lena Wight attended the Fro-Joy Ice Cream Dealers Banquet at the DeWitt Hotel, Lewiston, Friday evening.

Mrs. Viola Roberts, who has been spending the winter in Norway, has returned to Bethel and is stopping at Mrs. Fred Wood's.

Enola Cooper returned to her home in Weeks Mills Saturday, after spending a week with her sister, Mrs. Louis Van Den Kerkhoven.

The teachers of the primary department of the Methodist Sunday School will give a party to their pupils at the church Saturday afternoon.

Little Rita Morgan celebrated her eighth birthday Wednesday, March 13, from half past three to four o'clock by entertaining 12 of her young friends at a birthday party.

The time was passed by playing games, followed by refreshments. A lovely cake was given her by her Grandfather Morgan.

A party of 18 met Saturday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Hutchinson, the occasion being in honor of their 35th wedding anniversary.

The evening was passed socially with musical programs were enjoyed on the radio. Delicious refreshments, consisting of coffee, cake, ice cream, candy and peanuts were served and a very pleasant evening enjoyed.

Sunset Rebekah Lodge observed Past Noble Grand's and Charter Members' Night Monday evening in the I. O. O. F. Hall. The program opened with degree work conferred on two candidates.

Adelaide Bean and Gladys Gibbs. After which a poem was read by Mrs. Maude Henn, Noble Grand, who then presented callers to seven past Noble Grand's who responded with appropriate remarks.

FIFTEENTH DECENNIAL CENSUS OF THE UNITED STATES

By the President of the United States of America—A Proclamation

Whereas, by the Act of Congress approved June 18, 1929, the Fifteenth Decennial Census of the United States is to be taken beginning on the second day of April, nineteen hundred and thirty; and

Whereas, a correct enumeration of the population every ten years is required by the Constitution of the United States for the purpose of determining the representation of the several States in the House of Representatives; and

Whereas, it is of the utmost importance to the interest of all the people of the United States that this Census should be a complete and accurate report of the population and resources of the Nation:

Now, therefore, I, Herbert Hoover, President of the United States of America, do hereby declare and make known that, under the law aforesaid, it is the duty of every person to answer all questions on the Census schedules applying to him and the family to which he belongs, and to the farm occupied by him or his family, and all other Census schedules as required by law, and that any person refusing to do so is subject to penalty.

The sole purpose of the Census is to secure general statistical information regarding the population and resources of the country, and replies are required from individuals only to permit the compilation of such general statistics. No person can be harmed in any way by furnishing the information required.

The Census has nothing to do with taxation, with military or jury service, with the compilation of school attendance, or with the enforcement of any national, state or local law or ordinance. There need be no fear that any disclosure will be made regarding any individual person or his affairs.

For the due protection of the rights and interests of the persons furnishing information every employee of the Census Bureau is prohibited, under heavy penalty, from disclosing any information which may thus come to his knowledge.

I therefore earnestly urge upon all persons to answer promptly, completely and accurately all inquiries addressed to them by the enumerators or other employees of the Census Bureau and thereby to contribute their share toward making this great and necessary public undertaking a success.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused to be affixed the great seal of the United States at the City of Washington, this 22d day of November, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty-nine and of the Independence of the United States the One Hundred and Fifty-fourth.

HERBERT HOOVER, President.

Howe Hill, Maine, Secretary of State.

Howe Hill, Maine, Secretary of State.

Howe Hill, Maine, Secretary of State.

Howe Hill, Maine, Secretary of State.

Howe Hill, Maine, Secretary of State.

Howe Hill, Maine, Secretary of State.

Howe Hill, Maine, Secretary of State.

Howe Hill, Maine, Secretary of State.

Howe Hill, Maine, Secretary of State.

Howe Hill, Maine, Secretary of State.

Howe Hill, Maine, Secretary of State.

Howe Hill, Maine, Secretary of State.

Howe Hill, Maine, Secretary of State.

Howe Hill, Maine, Secretary of State.

Howe Hill, Maine, Secretary of State.

Howe Hill, Maine, Secretary of State.

Howe Hill, Maine, Secretary of State.

Howe Hill, Maine, Secretary of State.

Howe Hill, Maine, Secretary of State.

Howe Hill, Maine, Secretary of State.

Howe Hill, Maine, Secretary of State.

APPOINTED OFFICERS, TOWN OF BETHEL, 1930-31

Board of Health—H. H. Hastings, Dr. W. B. Twaddle, Robert D. Hastings.

Constables—Charles L. Davis, Leslie E. Davis, Frank Hunt, Fred Wheeler, John Harrington, Clyde Hall, Guy Bartlett, Harold Bennett, W. C. Garey, Roscoe A. Swan.

Town Officer—Harry Sawin. Sealer of Weights and Measures—Wesley Wheeler.

Surveyors of Wood and Lumber—G. N. Thompson, Hugh Thurston, Percy Brink, H. M. Farwell, A. M. Morrill, H. F. Thurston, Fred Edwards, B. W. Kimball, J. H. Swan, Roberto Brown, A. L. Grover, Carroll Abbott.

Sextons—Harry Head, John Anderson. Fence Viewers—A. L. Grover, T. B. Goodwin, J. H. Swan.

Dog Constable—Harold Bennett.

MAGALLOWAY PLANTATION

Moderator—John Keenan. Clerk—E. H. Ingraham. Assessors—J. A. Mooney, Philip West, Lewis Leavitt.

Treasurer—E. H. Ingraham. School Com.—Frederick Cameron. Collector—Ewen Cameron. Road Com.—H. C. Lancaster.

Appropriations: Roads and Bridges, \$400.00; Snow bills, 500.00; State road, 1,316.00; Common schools, 1,500.00; Textbooks and supplies, 250.00; Veterinary account, 200.00; Outstanding notes, 2,250.00; Public Nurse, 500.00; Town Hall, 200.00; Miscellaneous, 500.00; Officers' salaries, 300.00.

LINCOLN PLANTATION

Moderator—D. C. Bennett. Clerk—Grace Littlehale. Selectmen—A. D. Cameron, B. S. Bennett, D. C. Bennett.

Treasurer—Lewis Olson. School Com.—Grace Littlehale. Collector—Lewis Olson. Road Com.—D. C. Bennett.

Appropriations: Roads and bridges, \$1,500.00; Snow bills, 600.00; State road repair, 800.00; Common schools, 2,500.00; Textbooks, 75.00; Repairs, 500.00; Public Nurse, 6.00; State aid road, 532.00; Plantation expenses, 1,000.00; Fish account, 250.00.

PARENT TEACHER MEETING

The postponed meeting of the Parent Teachers Association was held Monday evening, March 17, in the Grammar School building. The business meeting was opened and closed by the President, Rev. L. A. Edwards. Mrs. P. O. Deane, Mrs. Tom Brown and A. F. Chapman were appointed program committee for the April meeting.

The following program was enjoyed: First, Mrs. Laurence Lord, Robert Lord, Miss Woodard, County Field Nurse of the State Board of Health, followed by open discussion into which everyone was invited to enter.

Mrs. Lord accompanied by Mr. Lord. After the program Miss Woodard entertained with health slides.

Assessors' Notice

The Assessors of the Town of Bethel hereby give notice to all persons liable to taxation in said Town, that they will be in session at Selectmen's Office in said Town, on the 1st day of April, at 10 o'clock in forenoon for the purpose of receiving lists of polls and estates taxable in said town.

All such persons are hereby notified to make and bring to said Assessors true and perfect lists of their polls and estates, real and personal, not held as guardian, executor, administrator, trustee or otherwise, on the 1st day of April, 1930, and be prepared to make oath to the truth of the same.

When estates of persons deceased since last divided during the past year, or have changed hands from any cause, the executor, administrator or other persons interested are hereby warned to give notice of such change, and in default of such notice will be held under the law to pay the tax assessed on such estate as if the same had been divided and paid over.

Any person who neglects to comply with this notice will be held under the law to pay the tax assessed on the estate and be barred of the right to make application to the Assessors or County Commission for any abatement of the taxes, unless he offers such list with his application and satisfies them that he was unable to offer it at the time hereby appointed.

HENRY W. ROYER, JOHN H. HOWE, CARROLL E. ABBOTT, Assessors.

FARM BUREAU NEWS

Bethel. The Bethel Farm Bureau ladies held their second meeting on Milk preparation on March 12 at the Grange Hall. Eleven members and two visitors were present.

Dinner was served and consisted of milk dishes which were prepared at the hall under the direction of Mrs. Helen Baker, food project leader, assisted by Mrs. Eva Hastings.

A short business meeting was held in the afternoon. The next meeting will be April 2 on Kitchen Improvement. Mrs. Jennie Mitchell is the chairman. Mrs. Ridley, H. D. A., will be present.

South Paris. The women's division of the South Paris Farm Bureau held their second meeting on preparation of milk dishes the 19th. Saturday they will serve a dinner to the Dairy Association.

North Paris. The women's division of the Farm Bureau will hold their regular March meeting Thursday, March 20, at Community Hall. This is the second meeting on the use of milk, and is in charge of Mrs. Frank Littlehale and Mrs. Alva Hendrickson, who have previously been to a school of instruction at South Paris. Mrs. S. E. Coffin has been chosen delegate to Homemakers Week at Orono, March 24-27, with Mrs. Erwin Trask as alternate. Mrs. Leroy Abbott and Sidney Abbott are planning to attend.

Middle Intervale. The Middle Intervale Farm Bureau met last Tuesday with Mrs. Carey Stevens. A very interesting day was spent in being the meeting for foundation dress patterns. Three patterns were cut and fitted, after which Mrs. Ridley gave a very nice talk, explaining the art of cutting, fitting and designing.

Fifteen sat down to dinner which consisted of mashed potatoes, salmon loaf, vegetable salad, dark bread, and apple tapioca, pudding with whipped cream for dessert.

The next meeting is to be held at Mrs. Ada Balentine's.

Bryant Pond. The women's division of the Farm Bureau held its regular meeting Thursday, March 13, at the Grange Hall. The subject was Preparation of Milk II. The dinner was prepared there. They served mashed potato, greens, Mexican rarebit, queen of puddings, and demonstrated plain, coconut, and grapefruit custard, floating island and white honey. The dinner committee were Mrs. Etta Day, Mrs. Eva Yates, and Mrs. Etta Millett. There were 22 present. The next meeting will be April 4 subject, kitchen improvement. Mrs. Elsie Ridley, H. D. A., will be present.

East Bethel. The East Bethel Farm Bureau met Thursday with Mrs. Florence Curtis. Thirteen members were present and two members joined at this meeting.

Three milk dishes were prepared and served for dinner, and five others prepared as demonstrations. These included milk drinks, Mexican rarebit, white honey and several kinds of puddings, which used custard as a foundation.

A letter was read in regard to Farm and Home week at Orono. Most of the women agreed to try serving the standard amount of milk in their homes for the next three months.

The East Bethel 4-H Club is organizing with Gladys Tyler as local leader. Mrs. Edith Howe assisting. There is a prospect of about 15 members. Most of the girls are carrying on a sewing project while the boys are engaged in farm and garden work.

CANDIDATES FOR SPRINGFIELD TRIP ANNOUNCED. Announcement has been made of the members of the 112 Maine boys and girls who are entitled to compete for the Maine State Chamber of Commerce fifth annual trip to Springfield, Mass., September 1. The eight selected from Oxford County are: Elsie Abbott, Mrs. Deane, Bonnie M. White, and the Abbotts, Rumford Point; Shirley Deane, South Paris; Florence Drake, Bethel; Alphonse Jackson, Wilford; and George, Fred Squibb, Bethel.

The State Chamber will pay all expenses of the trip and the work's equipment and training at the Eastern States Exposition.

NOTICE. Dance at West Bethel Grange Hall Friday evening, March 21, under the auspices of the West Bethel Fish and Game Club. Music, Lord's Orchestra.

School Notes

EAST BETHEL GRAMMAR SCHOOL. Those receiving 100% in Arithmetic for the week beginning March 10th: Ellen Burns, Leonard Tyler, Nannette Foster, Elizabeth Foster, Freda Harrington, Eugene Burns, Rose Billings.

Those receiving 100% in Spelling for the week beginning March 10: Ellen Burns, Freda Harrington, Eugene Burns, Nellie Harrington, Doris Farrar.

EAST BETHEL PRIMARY SCHOOL. Those receiving an average of 90% or above in Arithmetic are Donald Holt and James Billings.

Those receiving an average of 90% or above in Spelling are Albert Foster, Donald Holt, Malcolm Farwell, Dean Farrar, James Billings.

Bethel Primary School, Grade III. The following received 100% in Arithmetic for the week ending March 14: Elmer Bartlett, Dana Brooks, Faith Brown, Parker Brown, Mary Clough, Richard Crockett, Margaret Gallant, Arlene Greenleaf, Madelyn Hall, Barbara Lyon, Helen Lowe, Mary Robertson, Virginia Smith, Murray Thurston, Kathleen Wight, Edward Wheeler, Harold Young.

Those who received 100% in Spelling: Richard Andrews, Maynard Austin, Elmer Bartlett, Dana Brooks, Parker Brown, Mary Clough, Richard Crockett, Stuart Cross, Rodney Eames, Arlene Greenleaf, Barbara Hall, Bradley Hall, Madelyn Hall, Barbara Lyon, Helen Lowe, Mary Robertson, Virginia Smith, Murray Thurston, Kathleen Wight, Harold Young.

WEST BETHEL PRIMARY SCHOOL. The pupils of the West Bethel School League had a St. Patrick's Party at the school house on Friday evening. Stunts and games were enjoyed after which the pupils gave an impromptu entertainment. The program was:

Song, Fifth Grade. Recitation, George Lutton. Song, Catherine Bean, Albert Colby. Recitation, Rodney Martin. Song, Albert Colby. Recitation, George Auger. Song, Catherine Bean, Margaret Bennett. Recitation, Mr. Morse. Quartette, Wilma and Muriel Martin. Marguerite Brooks and Mrs. Head. Refreshments of pop corn and apples were served.

Pupils having an average of 95% or over in Spelling were Shurwin Bennett, Barbara Martin, Lawrence Perry, Florie Grover, Donald Lutton, Jessie Brooks, Shirley Gilbert, Irene Saunders, Rodney Martin, Warren Tyler, Catherine Bean, and Margaret Bennett.

Pupils having 90% or over in Arithmetic were Shurwin Bennett, Barbara Martin, Lawrence Perry, Florie Grover, Donald Lutton, Jessie Brooks, Irene Saunders, Shirley Gilbert, Warren Tyler, Catherine Bean, Margaret Bennett, George Auger, Edward Lowell, Robert Perry, Raymond Saunders, Kenneth Saunders and Joyce Abbott.

LOCKE MILLS PRIMARY SCHOOL. Pupils receiving 95% and above in Arithmetic are Delwin Long, Stanwood Nowell, Albert Bradford, Philip Cummings, Ethel Jordan, Bernice Jordan, Leland Dunham, Margaret Long, David Roberts, William Roberts, Theodore Cummings, Edith Mason, Clementine Morgan, Anne Ring, Rita Salls, Claire Telbets, John Telbets, Bryant Bean, Margaret Chabbe, Kevin Swan, and Robert Kenniston.

Pupils receiving 100% in Spelling are Helen Crockett, Jeannette Kimball, Margaret Long, David Roberts, William Roberts, Theodore Cummings, Edith Mason, Richard Pratt, Anne Ring, Rita Salls, Claire Telbets, and Lee Roberts.

LOCKE MILLS GRAMMAR SCHOOL. Pupils receiving 100% in Spelling: Avis Salls, Barbara Bennett, Roy Day, Herbert Scholtz, Evorne Kimball, Catherine Scholtz, and Stanley Morgan.

Pupils receiving 95% and above in Arithmetic: Mary Scholtz, Beryl Mason, Glenwood Nowell, and Harold Mason.

Pupils receiving 100% in Arithmetic: Avis Salls, Barbara Bennett, Elizabeth Morgan, Roy Day, Myrtle Scholtz, Beryl Mason, Herbert Scholtz, and Catherine Scholtz.

Pupils receiving 90% and above in Arithmetic: Phyllis Roberts, Edgar Morgan, Fernest Salls, and Yvonne Kimball.

Howe Hill, Locke Mills. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Swan and sons, Fred and Robert, were in Norway Tuesday.

Ernest Cross, who recently got hurt, is working again.

West Seams has returned home from his work in the woods.

Albert Swan and son Ernest carried Mr. and Mrs. Carl Swan to Rumford to bring Carl Jr. home. He has been in the hospital several weeks.

SOME WEDDING ANNIVERSARY MENDING

(By D. J. Walsh.)

"I'll take the pineapple carved bedstead," said Anne, the oldest, who had posted herself on the value of antiques. "Mine's the bookcase," followed phenomena briefly. "My choice is the set of half-inch mirrors." "I'll have the tall clock." And so on to, "Well, I may as well choose the sideboard." Anne frowned a little at that. The sideboard was so cracked and discolored she did hope none of them would take it a second glance. On her tour of information among the antique stores she had seen a sideboard just like that, just as cracked, just as discolored. And its tag had been marked with three figures, of which the first was not a "1."

"I'll take the blue and white pattern of dishes," she sniffed. "But Dorothy hasn't picked yet," she said up one of the cousins. "Oh, never mind me," smiled Dorothy. "Just leave me out a few things to remember him by."

Grandfather had been dead only three days. They had all come home for vacation and he had died during the visit. He had made no will, for apparently there wasn't much except the old furniture. He had once said to them to divide it to suit themselves, or they knew what they liked better than he could guess. So they were dividing it now, to save expense of coming down again. The others were thinking of making as good choices as possible. Dorothy was thinking of the old man she loved.

"Suppose we call the kitchen chairs one of Dorothy's 'picks,'" said one of the cousins. "She wants things to remind her of him, and he was forever whittling in one of the straight backs or smoking in the old rocker."

"It seems a shame that Dorothy picked out such poor stuff," commented a more conscientious cousin as they trooped back to the kitchen. "And she is going to get married next month, too. Whatever will Jack Ellis think of those straight backs and the rocker and the rest of the mess? I can see his laughing eyes grow solemn at the sight of them."

A month later Dorothy and Jack were married and went to live in a little flat by themselves near where Jack was working as an assistant bookkeeper. The old chairs were put in the kitchen and the few other things that had been assigned to Dorothy were placed in various parts of the house. Jack bought actual necessities in furniture on installments. They couldn't buy much on Jack's small salary.

But Jack was ingenious with tools and most of his evenings were devoted to tinkering in the kitchen. Soon bits of furniture began to appear, much to Dorothy's pleasure and amazement.

The next day was their wedding anniversary. Jack tinkered around a little, looking solemn. "No present at all for you, dear," he said ruefully. "I have tried to think of some way without incurring debt and you know that you pinned me down to."

Dorothy flew to his side and put her arms around his neck. "I have you, Jack," she whispered. "That's all I want. And not one cent of debt. You agreed."

A little later she noticed Jack eyeing the old chairs appreciatively. "Would it hurt your feelings if I should paint and varnish them a little?" he asked doubtfully.

"No, indeed, Jack. They're dear old chairs, but I think the clumsy strips sewed behind the rounds are perfectly hideous. I've been wondering if I couldn't fix cushions or something on enough on the bottoms to hide the strips."

"Strikes me there's something funny about it, anyhow," muttered Jack, seeing a knife and beginning to prod the lower end of a round. "Even with almost every last round torn off at the seat and needing a trip four times larger than necessary to keep them in place. And the strips are not painted or smoothed, either. I've always considered your grandfather a very neat workman."

"Again as the blade point went round to round, 'every one off below the wood's edge and every sawed saw. Dorothy, I believe I can take off the strips, clean out the glue, drive down the back with a chisel so the rounds will go deeper to the holes, with a little glue to varnish the chairs till they will look as good as new."

He went to work energetically and a few minutes the chair back was freed, disclosing the four middle mended holes and the two outside ones covered with glue.

"Looks like the rounds were broken or sawed, leaving the ends in the glue, and those covered with glue," said Dorothy. "Funny! I'll have to gouge 'em out."

She proceeded to do, presently coming a surprised exclamation. "What's the matter?" asked Dorothy.

My Fountain Pen

By James Lewis Hays

I bought a self-leakable Patented, squeakable, Rim fire, gold tipped fountain pen. Of all the crude implements, Thumb screws and ornaments, The very worst ever invented by men! It must be self-filling For it's surely unwilling When I humbly offer to give it a drink. It fills up with gumb And snorts like a Jumbo. It won't write, but—oh, how it scatters the ink! It bubbles and mutters, It gurgles and splutters. It fills up with meanness and anger and dirt. It loses connections, Disjoints all its sections, Soaks through my vest pocket and ruins my shirt. Oh, that measly, unspeakable Knock-kneed, self-leakable Ninety-nine cent fountain pen, guaranteed Just once let me lose it. If it's found I'll refuse it! A pencil? Thanks! Thanks! That is just what I need.



Jack did not answer, but worked feverishly, going from one hole to another. Presently he turned the chair over, rapping it smartly. A shower of glittering coins clinked on the floor. He whirled back the chair without appearing to notice Dorothy's cry, gouged a few moments, then turned and rapped again. More coins glittered out.

"That's all," he announced after another scrutiny. "Now count up."

They did so, placing them in little piles.

"Eight of the \$20 gold pieces in each of the big holes," he wondered, "and ten \$10 ones in the smaller. Whew! How much does that make, little girl?"

"Seven hundred and twenty," answered Dorothy, after a little counting on her fingers.

"Correct. Now we'll investigate the other chairs. Wonder if they'll give anything." They did, just the same amount, except that in one of the rocking chair holes was a folded paper. Jack passed it to Dorothy without examination. She opened it and read aloud.

"To the one who takes my old chairs through love of the old man I give the money they're taking care of. I don't want it to be divided. And I don't mind adding that I hope and expect it will be the dear daisy-chain maker."

"GRANDFATHER,"

"I used to weave daisy chains and put them on his head when we were out in the fields together," Dorothy said in a choking voice.

Silly Idea That Toad Is "Ugly and Venomous"

In Shakespeare's "As You Like It" occur the oft-quoted lines: "Sweet are the uses of adversity, which, like the toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in its head." People once believed that so-called toad stones were formed in the head or body of a toad, and that these stones—more scientifically called bufonites, because the toad belongs to the genus bufon—had medicinal properties. A man would wear a toadstone in a ring, perhaps, and use it to heal poisonous insect or animal bites, or as an antidote for chemical poisons, and so on.

Such was the "precious jewel" that Shakespeare assumed was in the head of the "ugly and venomous" toad.

Toads are still thought of as ugly, but most species are now known to be harmless. Indeed, a toad secreted by toads may have definite curative value. The Chinese have used for centuries a kind of dried toad "essence" as a medicinal agent. Doctors Jensen and Chen of Johns Hopkins university have been investigating this "Chinese remedy" and it is reported that its therapeutic properties are by no means entirely imaginary.

The origin of the word "toad" is unknown. The tadpole—the aquatic young of the toad—was so named because it appears to be all head; the combination of toad and pole (head) into toad-pole to use the modern spelling, finally developed into the present form, tadpole. The American toad has the scientific name of *Bufo americanus*, "bufo" being, as Webster's New International dictionary points out, the Latin word for toad.

There are toads in every land on the earth except Australia and Madagascar. However, toadstones or bufonites are not formed in the bodies of any of them. A bufonite, in the words of Webster's New International is a "fossil consisting of the petrified teeth and palatal bones" of certain ancient fishes. "Formerly supposed to have been formed in the head of a toad."

The largest known species of toad is called the agoua, a name probably native in origin. Its habitat is South and Central America and the West Indies. A length of eight inches is not uncommon. It is reputed to devour small birds, field rats and similar animals.

Patti Only Member of Fair Sex at Banquet

In 1850 Adellina Patti made her debut at the Academy of Music in New York to "Lucia," says a writer in the Brooklyn Eagle Magazine. Not since Jenny Lind had a singer so captivated her audience. To the end of their lives many of her admirers insisted that she was the last one entitled to be called "la diva."

Twenty-five years later, in 1874, Patti again sang at the academy. To her honor a banquet was planned by a number of prominent New York men, including Judge Daly, William Steinway and Nathan Stetson. Naturally the wives of these men were expected to be present, but they virtuously refused to sit at the table with Patti, who had been divorced from her first husband, the Marquis de Caix, and married to Nicolini, the Italian tenor.

Extremely embarrassed, the gentlemen sent a committee to put the case to Miss Patti as delicately as possible, and ask her if she would consent to be the guest of themselves only. Patti consented unhesitatingly, and she was the only woman present at a party of some seventy masculine and misters, in the ballroom of the Hotel Brunswick.

Ducal Right to Biscuit Not to Be Questioned

A certain duke who had apparently a bottomless purse could not balance his accounts, or rather his steward could not. What is the use of being a duke if one has to bother about money? He had spent only what was due to his position. He was not extravagant. Oh, dear, no. He had only what a duke should have. Still it was thought advisable to send to London for the family man of business to overhaul the household accounts.

The family man of business went down to the castle from Lincoln's Inn Fields and after a week's work submitted his report to the duke. Lord Willoughby de Broke tells the story in his reminiscences. "The Passing Years."

"Begging your grace's pardon," said the family man of business, "I see your grace keeps both an Italian and a French pastry cook in your grace's still room. Is not such a duplication superfluous?"

"Hang it all!" exclaimed the duke. "A fellow must have a biscuit!"

Ekima Homes

One half of the Eskimos in the world have never seen a snow house, and only about one-fourth of them are in the habit of using them as common dwellings in winter. Snow houses are almost wholly absent from Alaska to the McKenzie delta they were used only in emergency. From there eastward to the Atlantic they are the usual winter dwellings, except in parts of Labrador. Of nearly 1,000 Eskimos in Greenland today less than 500 have ever seen a snow house. The only Greenlandic snow houses users are the small group around Cape York. These people even now commonly dwell in houses of earth, rafted with slabs of stone or with the bones of large animals.

Queen of the Desert

Within the canyons of the desert mountains are found species of animals, which, because they must have a greater share of moisture, do not venture out on the level desert wastes. Of these, says Nature Magazine, the desert snail star is easily the queen. Of the blazing star family, it upholds the traditions of that group for its distinctive form and attractive qualities. Its satiny flowers are not equaled in all the desert flora in exquisite texture and dainty tinting. Painted sagos and other gorges in the mountains north of Merced, Calif., are its favorite dwelling places.

NORTH PARIS

Herrick-Gibbs

A pretty wedding took place Saturday afternoon at three o'clock at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Cotton when Mrs. Cotton's granddaughter, Ethelyn Geraldine Gibbs, became the wife of Myron Lewis Herrick of West Paris.

The officiating minister was the Rev. George C. Smith, who used the double ring service. Only the near relatives of both families were present. The brides gown was blue silk and the groom wore the conventional blue suit. The room was decorated by Mrs. F. L. Cotton with blue and white crepe paper with sprays of cedar. The wedding party standing under a large white wedding bell during the ceremony.

Mrs. Herrick is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James W. Gibbs of North Paris. She was born here, educated in the Paris schools, and always made her home here except last year when she had employment in Montclair, N. J. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Randall Herrick of West Paris. He received his education in the West Paris schools and has employment with the Paris Mfg. Co.

Following the ceremony a wedding supper was served by Mrs. Cotton to the bridal party and several guests. Mr. and Mrs. Herrick will make their home for the present at the home of her parents, where they have a rent ready for occupancy. They received many wedding gifts. Their many friends wish them a long and happy married life.

Mrs. Mary Rose

The funeral services of Mrs. Andrew Rose were held at the home Friday afternoon, Rev. George C. Smith, pastor of the Federated Church of West Paris officiating. Interment was in the village cemetery at West Paris. There were many lovely flowers. The Willing Workers of Woodstock, of which she was a member, attended in a body.

Mrs. Rose passed away last Wednesday morning after a long illness from a combination of ailments. She was born in Bangor Nov. 7, 1849, the oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Washburn of a family of 18 children. In early life she married Herbert Silver and to them three children were born, Albert, George, and a little girl who passed away in early childhood. Albert passed away several years ago. Her husband was killed on the railroad and she was left with the care of two small children. Thirty-three years ago she married Andrew Rose.

Mrs. Rose was a highly respected Christian lady, a Methodist by training and conviction, an ideal wife and mother, and a woman of large sympathies. She leaves behind to mourn her loss, a husband, one son, George, of New York, four half brothers, one half sister, two grand children and five great grandchildren.

The mid weekly meeting of the Federated Church was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Cotton Thursday evening with a good number in attendance. Rev. George C. Smith officiated from West Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Alton Ripley and son, Howard of Portland visited his parents. Mr. and Mrs. James Ripley, Thursday.

Mrs. Ripley is still confined to her bed but is gaining slowly. Herbert Butler of Newry was in the village Friday with his usual line of dry goods.

Mrs. Esther Haskins returned home Saturday, having finished work at St. Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ellingwood of West Paris were calling on relatives and friends here Sunday. They assisted in moving Mrs. Ellingwood's aunt, Mrs. Alice Turner, who has been very ill at George Rogers, to Ellis Haven port of Canton, using Walter Penley's car of West Paris with William Gibbs as driver. Mrs. Turner's many friends hope she will soon recover her health.

Selectman Leroy Abbott was in St. Paris on his way Saturday.

Clarence Coffin of East Sumner spent the week end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Coffin.

On March 27, the Rev. Albert I. Oliver of Auburn, representative of the Bethel District of the Maine Methodist conference, will hold the Fourth quarterly conference in Community Hall at 2 P. M., when reports from the various departments of the local Federated Church will be presented. It is hoped there will be a large attendance.

ROWE HILL, GREENWOOD

Mrs. Elton Dunham has been quite ill the past week. Mrs. Margaret Bryant has been working for her a few days.

Vera Dunham visited Winifred Bryant a few days last week while Mrs. Bryant was away.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Dunham from Locke Mills called on his mother Saturday evening, coming through with his car.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Lang, Bryant Pond, were at Newton Bryant's Sunday.

Winifred Bryant is unable to attend school. She is suffering from complications brought on by the grip.

Wilmer Bryant went to Pinhook Monday to have his horses shod. Clyde and Edgar Dunham have finished cutting lumber and cord wood on Mr. Dunham's lot.

Wesley Ring is having bad luck with his horses. He lost one recently and had another get kicked badly. Dr. S. S. Greenleaf of Bethel is attending it.

MILTON

Clinton Buck is working at Mann's mill, Bryant Pond.

Francis Lapham and Llewellyn Buck have been cutting lumber for Howard Thornton.

We are very glad to report that Sadie Mersereau is reported out of danger from her operation in a hospital in Boston last week.

Miss Bess Higgins and Georgiana Haynes spent the week end with Clara Jackson.

Several from here attended the Farm Bureau at Bryant Pond last Thursday. The Soap Club will meet with Edith Jackson Tuesday.

Ann Sessions has a large amount of lumber to be sawed at his mill at Albion's Mills this spring.

Addison Bryant has been doing some carpenter work for Basha Ackley.

SOUTH PARIS

Paris Grange met for an all day meeting March 15 with a good attendance for the time of year. There was a bountiful dinner served by the lady officers. The first and second degrees were given a class of candidates in the afternoon followed by a program of singing by the Grange, readings and duets. At the next meeting, on April 5, the men will serve the dinner.

The Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War will hold their regular meeting Friday evening at 7:30. All come and help make this an interesting meeting.

Howard Shaw's orchestra will open the pavilion at Locke Mills Saturday, May 31st. The same kind of dances as last year. All come and have a good time.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Ellingwood of

Bowel Infection

results from imperfectly digested food remaining too long, thus fermenting and putrefying in the intestines. Poisonous germs develop, causing serious sickness. All this suffering and danger may be prevented by using the good old reliable "L. F. Atwood's Medicine to keep your liver and bowels working freely. Be ready, buy now. See bottle contains 50 doses. At all druggists.

"L. F. Atwood's Medicine"

BETHEL SAVINGS BANK

Recent Dividend at the rate of

5%

To put small sums of money to work earning interest is difficult. A Savings Account solves the problem.

Interest begins the first three days of every month. Deposits can be made by mail.

Big Value Club

THIS PAPER AND

The Pathfinder

Both a Whole Year—Every Week for 52 Weeks—104 Big Issues—at a Price Never Before Equaled! \$2.25

Grab this chance to secure your favorite home paper—with all the local news—together with that wonderful national weekly, right from Washington, D. C., the Pathfinder. The Pathfinder is the most widely quoted paper in the world—and you will see why when you have it in your home, as more than a million others do.

Call at our office, see samples of the Pathfinder and order this club, or remit the amount by mail. News, information and entertainment for an entire year. WHAT A BARGAIN!



1.—Dr. Frederick A. Cook, Arctic explorer, just released from Leavenworth prison, plans to begin a new life. 2.—Final resting place of William Howard Taft in Arlington cemetery, near tomb of Robert T. Lincoln. 3.—Kamaladevi Chattopadhyaya, noted female leader in the opposition to British rule in India.

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Hoover Makes Move to Avert Collapse of Arms Conference.

IN AN effort to avert the collapse of the arms conference, or failure to reach a five-power agreement to reduce armaments, threatened by the attitude of France, President Hoover has sent new instructions to the American delegation.

The President is said to have offered alternative proposals designed to make a five-power agreement possible, if not for actual reduction of naval strength for at least playing a limit near present figures.

It is understood that he suggests concessions on the part of the United States and Great Britain which would make it easier for Japan, France and Italy to agree.

The collapse of the conference was threatened when Foreign Minister Briand had announced his withdrawal because the United States, backed by Great Britain, had flatly refused to accede to the demands of France for a security pact as a condition of their consenting to any reduction in naval armament.

Later Mr. Briand relented and announced that he would remain with the conference, and that he still had hopes of reaching an agreement.

The break with France came at a private meeting between Prime Minister MacDonald, Secretary of State Stimson and Foreign Minister Briand of France. Mr. MacDonald demanded that Briand produce his real figures. Mr. Briand replied, tartly:

"I have no figures. I came over here to get a part of you. You want figures you must talk to Premier Tardieu. I am finished."

Mr. Briand demanded point blank of the British prime minister and the United States secretary of state why they are anxious of France's naval requirements and why they refuse to permit her to maintain adequate sea power for self-defense, but accept Italy's demand for parity in armaments.

"I don't think that it is fair to ask France to produce all of her figures and make out her case," he said. "We are willing to discuss every point without being asked. But there is another country at the conference occupying the same status as France, but she is left alone and asks nothing beyond demanding parity with us—making no justification of her claims."

The Japanese delegation indicated that the absence of France from further negotiations which automatically disposes of Italy also, will prevent Japan from proceeding in detail toward any extensive reduction of armaments, because her strength is contingent upon the naval forces of the European powers.

However, it is practically assured that Great Britain and the United States will write a treaty if the other powers refuse to come in. Lloyd George and John Bull will sign it alone.

SECRETARY OF LABOR J. H. DAVIS has announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination for United States senator for Pennsylvania. Mr. Davis' announcement came after he had been informed that William B. Vane had withdrawn from the senate race and would throw his support to Mr. Davis, stating that he intended to withdraw from the cabinet to make the race.

THE great importance of teaching civic responsibility to the youth of today, along with the ability to read and write, was stated by President Hoover in a short address at a dinner given by the Boy Scouts of America.

Four hundred business and professional men, gathered in Washington to commemorate the twentieth anniversary of the founding of the Boy Scout movement, met to launch a big campaign to speak of the necessity for teaching the boys of impressionable age to the duties and obligations of citizenship of the country in connection with the study of civics.

A COMMITTEE of the New York County Lawyers Association, after a two-year study of the question, decided by a six to one vote to challenge the Tenth Amendment to the constitution. The committee also voted to submit their contention to the Supreme court for a test ruling.

The Tenth Amendment reads:

"The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution nor prohibited by it to the states are reserved to the states, respectively, or to the people."

The fact that the Eighteenth amendment conflicts vitally with the older Tenth amendment has never been presented to the Supreme court for a ruling.

THREE states—New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio—are to spend more than a billion dollars this year for construction and maintenance of state, county, and municipal public works, according to figures assembled by Secretary of Commerce Robert P. Lamont. Gov. John S. Fisher of Pennsylvania has just reported to Secretary Lamont that the total for that state is estimated at \$305,988,118. The total for New York state is \$475,276,442, while that for Ohio is \$223,225,000.

"On the basis of complete reports from more than two-thirds of the states covering all types of public construction and maintenance to be carried out in 1930, together with reports from federal departments and commissions and public utility companies," said Secretary Lamont, "prompt decisive action in speeding up this year's \$7,000,000,000 program of construction work of these types seems well established."

IN VIEW of the issue raised by senators in opposing the nomination of Charles Evans Hughes for chief justice, it is likely that unless President Hoover names a man of known liberal tendencies to succeed the late Associate Justice Edward Terry Sanford there will be another long-drawn out fight in the senate.

THE government is preparing to count noses again. An army of 100,000 census takers will begin knocking at your doors April 2 in the nation's fifteenth decennial count of its population.

Many new questions, along with the old ones, are to be asked this time. The 1930 census will delve deeply into the country's economic life as well as providing the usual basis for reapportionment of seats in the house of representatives.

LEGISLATION to place the power industry under the controlling hand of the federal government is now before congress, sponsored by Senator Couzens of Michigan, chairman of the senate interstate commerce committee.

The bill is the second to follow months of inquiry into and discussion of activities of the giant power industry and its relations with the federal trade and power commissions.

Couzens, a Republican, is the author also of another bill, to reorganize the power commission, and was confident of getting both the reorganization and the regulatory proposals before the senate this session.

VOLUMINOUS evidence showing the breakdown of prohibition enforcement, especially in the large cities, has been amassed at secret hearings by the Wickersham law enforcement commission during the last few weeks. It has been learned.

Although the commission's sessions have been held behind closed doors, reports leaking out unofficially are that shocking conditions have been pictured before the investigators by witnesses from Chicago, New York and other urban centers. It is known that among the witnesses have been prohibition officials from these cities, some of whom have testified dry law violations are widespread despite honest enforcement efforts.

THE army engineers are ready to proceed with \$1,000,000 of flood control construction along the main stem of the Mississippi river as soon as congress makes the money available.

Releving work not involved in the controversy over the merits of the Jadwin plan, the engineers have virtually completed all plans and specifications and their field forces are ready to go to work after the pending appropriation bill is passed.

Coincident with this announcement, Secretary Harley made known that condemnation proceedings will be brought immediately to obtain peace and roadway rights across railroad and state highway lines in the Bonnet Carré floodway in Louisiana.

HANOVER

Rose Howe is visiting her brother in Lynn, Mass.

Vernon Lapham, who was recently operated on for appendicitis at the Community Hospital, Rumford, is reported as comfortable.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Saunders and A. R. Saunders motored to Lewiston Friday to attend the Bates Tournament.

Mrs. Edie Dyer, Lucy Dyke, Addie Saunders and Leona Powers attended the benefit card party at the William Bingham Gymnasium, Bethel, Wednesday evening, in charge of Mrs. Paul Thurston.

Wallace Saunders was at home from Gorham Normal Saturday.

The Ladies' Aid was entertained Wednesday at the Saunders home by Mrs. Saunders and Boena Silver. Dinner was served at noon. Twenty-one ladies were present.

Richard Brown has the chicken pox. L. T. Dickson is recovering from his recent fall.

No services were held at the school-house Sunday as Rev. Mr. Edwards was unable to attend.

SONGO POND

Mr. and Mrs. George Brown from West Bethel were callers at Charlie Gorman's Monday night.

Fred Murphy was in Oxford over the week end on business.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Donahue and children spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Guy Morrill at Mason.

Round Mountain Grange met in regular session Saturday afternoon with 12 members present. The annual fair which will be held in August, was discussed. Brother Little was reported to be gaining, and Sister Cummings was reported sick. After the meeting was closed a spelling match was enjoyed by all. The losing side agreed to furnish a treat to the others. Next meeting will be held April 5.

Mrs. Charlie Gorman and daughter spent last Friday with Mrs. E. O. Donahue.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Johnson were week end guests at W. I. Becker's.

MIDDLE INTERVALE

Clifford Buckman is hauling wood for Fannie Carter.

Caroy Stevens has 800 trees tapped, ready for sugaring.

Mrs. Mary Capen spent Wednesday at Charles Capen's.

Mrs. Orlando Buck spent last week in Portland.

Mrs. Grace Buck has been spending several days on Swan's Hill.

SOUTH BETHEL

Mr. and Mrs. Merle Lurvey and son from Locke Mills visited her sister, Mrs. Linwood Newell, and family Sunday.

Gerald Walker visited relatives at South Paris over the week end.

Mrs. Henry Hall and two children, Mrs. Linwood Newell and daughter Margaret, Mrs. Frank Brooks and Verna Mason were at Locke Mills one afternoon last week.

Lamont Brooks and nephew, Carl Brooks, from Rowe Hill visited his brother, Frank Brooks, and family Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Chase, who has been at Rumford Point for a few weeks with her son, Harry Chase, and family has returned to her home here.

Ernest Mason is working for James Bing at Locke Mills.

Frank Barrett from Gorham, N. H., visited Frank Brooks and family Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Smith and Guy Smith were in town Monday.

Mrs. Frank Harthorne, who has been ill, is better.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Hazelton from Sumner visited one day last week at Orlan York's.

Mrs. Ida York is assisting in the housework at Mrs. Mildred Cummings' at Locke Mills.

MASON

Mrs. E. H. Morrill was called to Bethel Monday by the illness of her daughter, Mrs. Lloyd Luxton.

Mrs. Edith Urquhart is away for a short visit.

Fred Lovejoy was in Norway Thursday of last week to see his mother, Mrs. Imogene Lovejoy, who is ill. Her many friends were greatly pleased to hear that she was much better.

Mrs. Lydia Westleigh has returned to her home here after spending the winter with her son, George Westleigh, at Norway.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Donahue and two children of Albany were Sunday guests at Guy Morrill's.

Mr. and Mrs. William McKendzie were Sunday callers at J. A. McKendzie's.

Harry Inneson of Auburn was a business visitor in this place one day last week.

FERNALD'S MILL, ALBANY

Hazel Allen called on Carrie Logan recently.

Channing Scribner has returned from West Bethel and is stopping with Clarence McAllister.

Albert McAllister hauled hay and Clayton Penley the first week.

Hilda Logan spent the day, Anne Dumpus recently.

Mildred McPhee and Elsworth were week end guests at Logan's.

Elmer Saunders was in this recently.

Neil McAllister was at his home.

Clarence McAllister was in Mills Monday to visit his sister, Clifford McAllister.



QUICK RELIEF
from
Gas On Stomach
Dizziness, Indigestion

Don't worry or suffer another moment from the misery of indigestion, bloating, gas, and that suffocating hard-to-breathe feeling after eating. Just a tablespoonful of Tanlac before meals and bedtime will do wonders for you. It's a real man. Try a bottle today. It must help you or money back. At all drug stores. Accept no substitute.

Tanlac

NOTICE OF LOST BANK BOOK

Notice is hereby given that the Bethel Savings Bank has been notified that book of deposit issued by the bank to Helen W. Briggs and number 198 has been destroyed or lost, and she desires to have a new book of deposit issued to her.

BETHEL SAVINGS BANK,
By A. E. Herrick, Treas.,
Bethel, Maine.

NOTICE

The subscriber hereby gives notice that she has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of Leroy E. Vail, late of Bethel in the County of Oxford, deceased, giving bonds as the law directs, and persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, as all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

HATTIE B. VAIL,
Feb. 26th, 1930. Bethel, Maine.

PAPER

Bond Papers, - - 20c to 75c lb.
Blotting Paper, - - 10c sheet
White and Colored Cardboard, 10c sheet
Cover Paper, - - 5c to 20c sheet

Envelopes, many sizes and grades
Plain, Ruled, Punched, Colored papers for school use
Cut Cards, Tags, Butter Paper
Carbon Paper, Typewriter Ribbons

If we do not have what you want in this line we can get it for you at a reasonable price

The Oxford County Citizen
BETHEL, MAINE

The Crippled Lady Of Peribonka

By
James Oliver
Curwood

W.N.U.
Service

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Introducing some of the people of the pretty little French village of Peribonka, the Crippled Lady, the old of the village, and heroine of the story, who is destined to live long in the village.

CHAPTER II.—How the romance of the village of Peribonka, the Crippled Lady, the old of the village, and heroine of the story, who is destined to live long in the village.

CHAPTER III.—Paul's wife is in the village of Peribonka, the Crippled Lady, the old of the village, and heroine of the story, who is destined to live long in the village.

CHAPTER IV.—Paul's wife is in the village of Peribonka, the Crippled Lady, the old of the village, and heroine of the story, who is destined to live long in the village.

CHAPTER V.—Paul's wife is in the village of Peribonka, the Crippled Lady, the old of the village, and heroine of the story, who is destined to live long in the village.

CHAPTER VI.—Paul's wife is in the village of Peribonka, the Crippled Lady, the old of the village, and heroine of the story, who is destined to live long in the village.

CHAPTER VII.—Paul's wife is in the village of Peribonka, the Crippled Lady, the old of the village, and heroine of the story, who is destined to live long in the village.

CHAPTER VIII.—Paul's wife is in the village of Peribonka, the Crippled Lady, the old of the village, and heroine of the story, who is destined to live long in the village.

CHAPTER IX.—Paul's wife is in the village of Peribonka, the Crippled Lady, the old of the village, and heroine of the story, who is destined to live long in the village.

CHAPTER X.—Paul's wife is in the village of Peribonka, the Crippled Lady, the old of the village, and heroine of the story, who is destined to live long in the village.

Volin. What do you suppose can be there?"

"An inferno of devils, I imagine," replied her husband.

"Possibly not. Fairies might live there," suggested Claire.

"A black and sunless place where lovely water mounds without eyes frolic in the darkness," added Paul.

"Or a kingdom of Micomicon, where dreams are made and sent out into the world," said Claire.

Derwent was preparing his end of the log for a final heave. "I insist it is a place of devils and death. Still, like Lucy-Belle, I'd like to see what's there. After all, it's fifty million years of mystery! Are you ready, Paul?"

"Ready!"

The log pitched down, and as it went the end of it swung like a living thing and struck Paul. Even before the blow—in the lightning flash of time when eyes behind could see it sweeping upon him—a sudden scream filled his consciousness, and as the timber caught him he saw it was Claire whose cry had tried to warn him. Then he was over. With photographic clearness his eyes beheld his fate. The water seemed to reach up and catch him on its oily breast, and for a brief instant after this there was a sensation not unpleasant to reason he felt no sense of fear or terror even when forces that were irresistible but gentle pulled him down. He knew it was death, the death they had played with and lightly talked about, yet its presence closing about him did not rob his mind of its vision and judgment, nor frighten him into senseless wrestling with it. He would come up again, alive, near the jagged, tooth of rock; after that would be his end, and in such an hour as this seconds became eternities of life.

His wife, Claire, Lucy-Belle, and Derwent were still nearer to him than the final stroke of death; he would see them, especially Claire and Paul, when he looked back in those few moments of grace which the monster of the undercurrents would give him. These two, and the supreme faith which had wrought a comradeship between him and all the forces of Nature, gave him, instinctively and without effort, the courage not to be afraid.

The undercurrents' indraughts and refluxes carried him with a quiet and deliberate leishureness, which gave him no physical discomfort except that of holding his breath. Yet they were so powerful, so utterly sure in their grip, that when he made an experimental effort to reach the surface it was as if he were struggling against a wooden wall. To save the air in his lungs he restrained himself from further exertion, and when, at last, he came up near the rock, and felt fresh air in his face, he had suffered no greater inconvenience than if he had taken a long dog. His first thought was of the log, his second of the granite snag. Against this, after a moment, he felt himself being slowly lifted, and throwing out his hands he was thrilled by the fibrous, slimy touch of a rope like substance which had gathered thickly about it just under the surface of the water. River weeds and flag had wrapped themselves in a tough belt about the rock, and so firmly had they attacked themselves to it that he knew they would, for a time at least, hold up his weight from the sucking undertow which was already beginning to drag at his limbs.

He looked toward the cliff and raised one hand to wave at the four who stood there. With the distance, Claire was staring, wide-eyed, and believed it—now, she said.

Lucy-Belle had turned a little white. "Still—I would jump in," she murmured, looking at Derwent.

Again Paul looked at Claire. The red and placid beauty of her face had been accentuated by what they had seen.

And the wonder of it is there are many who believe that Nature and man are not One! she said, only for the moment. "Is it possible that in the blind of our egotism we shall always be unable to understand the significance of things as that? It is a written word, in the hand of God, just as the shadow, with its gentleness and white, is another and different word for us. That is what I believe."

Paul nodded. "So do I," he said, and felt the desire of all the world to see Claire's head against his breast and hold it there.

Paul fastened itself upon him, and a little later, inspired by the sweetest of his manner toward him, he leaped to his wife. "Claire, you wonderful! God knows I hope one day to make you happy!"

"You will," she answered, and the little mystery in her voice and eyes faded him with a deep emotion. Until the play grew tiresome they caught sticks and chunks of wood to the edge of the timber and fed them to the hidden hands of the eels. The result was always the same, except that chips and grass and light pieces of wood raced swiftly and safely away, like the pasture grass, as if they were too important to attract attention from the eels. But with the heavier objects there was a variation so small in what the eels were amazed and fascinated, and a little game of guessing how long it would take to pass before Lucy-Belle's huge snout spat up an object which swallowed it again.

To end their sport Paul and Derwent staggered from the edge of the water with a forty-foot log, which had lain so long in the drying sun that they could bear its weight on their shoulders, and before they were tossed over the five made their guesses, the best to entertain after four at dinner the next day.

"I've a notion to ride this log through the gorge!" exclaimed Lucy-Belle. "I want to know what is up and between those walls which I say no one has ever explored."

"Claire or Lucy-Belle. But something told him it was his wife who stood nearest to the edge, with her arms reaching out toward him.

And then, on the cliff, one woman said to another: "Are you going with him?"

The woman spoken to gazed wide-eyed—motionless—voiceless—and after a moment of tense waiting the other said: "Then—I am!"

CHAPTER VIII

Paul saw the swift, deliberate plunge through space of the slim body, which, in the uncertainty of his vision, an instinctive and positive impulse told him was Claire's. A woman's piercing cry came from the cliff, but no responsive echo of horror escaped his own lips, no sound, but an articulate snap as the figure struck the water and disappeared. An appalling and devastating weakness seized upon him, a deadly sickness of shock, a thing that loosened the grip of his fingers from the clinging belt of weeds and made him limply impotent against the dragging force of the undertow. For an instant his brain reeled in darkness. He began to go down, easily and slowly, as if the cruel and murderous hands below were fearful of arousing the leanness to which he had momentarily succumbed. Then water struck into his face and startled him. Heart and brain leaped in response to its warning, and he thrust up wildly and caught the weeds again. They hung closely to the rock, allowing him to drag his body up until his shoulders were out of water once more. He heard Derwent shout, as if from a mile away, but he paid no attention to the cry, nor did he look toward the cliff. The thought in his mind was that Claire would be with him in another moment or two. She would come to the surface near the rock, and he must be ready to seize and hold her with him until the weeds gave way—or a miracle happened.

Five or six feet from him, where the water was like a pool of oil that had no motion, a little disturbance suddenly flicked its surface—a change of light, a drifting up of something intangible and shadowy, a nebulous blotch which changed under his eyes to substance, a floating mass of hair. The sun was shining, the water was almost black, but there was no glint of gold in what he saw. The hair was dark. Claire's face became a part of it in a moment. It seemed to him that the monster who lived about the rock held her up for him, with a smile on his lips and in her eyes, her face toward him and her arms reaching out. He was half in a daze, and might have fancied some of the things he saw. But Claire was there. She was his wife, had come to join him in death. The quiet, terrible drama of it held him from calling her name as he waited for her to come within his reach. But the undertow brought her up nearer. For a second, two of them, three or four, it held her away from him, and each of these seconds was a lifetime in passing. Then he saw the distance between them widening, and as it widened the things below began to drag Claire down. She made no struggle, did not cry out to him, but only raised her hands so that he might see they were waiting for him and wanting him, as she went to her kingdom of Micomicon, her land of dreams.

He swung himself out, thrusting against the rock, and when the agony of the water pit dragged at their victim Claire was in his arms. His brain was heavily alive again, and he knew that teams of oxen could have pulled but faintly against the undercurrents, which, one after another, were transporting them irresistibly and yet without great haste through watery space. Thought of physical salvation scarcely entered in a ray of hope through his mind, and his senses were untroubled by the suffocating presence of death. In Claire were his strength and courage. He looked at her arms about her chest. He felt her feet clinging to him with the same desire to remain inseparable when the end came. Strange, a thing, when of Micomicon—a land of Abraham—a place of fables—a world of dreams—They were going to it all. Between the walls where no man had ever looked, death! A magnificent adventure, with Claire in it, and a roaring lifted his ears. They were traveling swiftly now. The senses grew less distinct, like colors merging one into another in a misty haze. Queer, why it should end the this after years of life—he and Claire—Together—as it must have been reached from the beginning. A profound gratitude of fate, an immense sympathy of fulfillment—to pass on like this with Claire, no matter how many hundred centuries had gone by, fire! And some one's wife said that death meant more than the years when she was—

The current was an enemy of sound. It was like the wind in the cave of Atrides, its thunder the stones' hoarse rumbling through the empty bowels of the earth. They numbered and unnumbered, yet left him with a shroud of living, thinking, which told him they were rushing through the gullet of the gorge, and which, at the same time, held his mind unyielding as bands of steel about Claire's body.

Although close to the edge of abysses of utter darkness, consciousness did not quite leave him. Vague and experienced the thrill of being transported out of a hell of tumultuous sound into a soft and gently drifting sea which was without noise or stir, it was pleasant to use either. Quite a fence. For an interval he fancied his arms were wings and that he was trying to fly, making rather a bad mess of it because one side of him refused to co-ordinate with the other. This was the arm, only one arm now, which held Claire. With the other, after a little, he found himself clawing and digging into something. A man may live a hundred years, but when he is ready to die and looks back over the path he has traveled, it seems very short, and the hundred years no more than a few hours. Paul had relied upon the illusory and baseless force of time, its inadequacy and the holiness of its human measurement. "One who is happy has but a fleeting vision of life," Claire had said to him once. "To live long and terribly, one must be unhappy—in prison." It was odd why he should be thinking of this as he continued to claw and dig. But time had fastened itself upon him like a leech, and if each second of his wide-awake life had been as long as these few seconds he would have lived a thousand years. During this cycle of his existence he slowly and tediously progressed, until, with air filling his lungs again, and the smothering folds of near-insensibility breaking away from him, he knew that he was no longer in water, that his fingers were clutching at soft sand, and that the burden which he had dragged with him was Claire.

There was scarcely a breath between this knowledge and the full and poignant possession of every faculty with which his brain was capable of being inspired. But darkness, mystery, the defeat of death, and the fact of his own physical salvation were submerged all at once in an agonized appeal to the limp, dead form which he clung to in his arms. The spirits of the subtle blackness about him listened to his voice calling Claire's name as he struggled to bring her back into her body. Once he had worked over a little girl who had been taken from the water, and now memory came to him vividly of the first gentle beating of the heart again, the slow returning of the soul into the tender body, until the child lived and breathed once more. But Claire's soft breast gave no response. Her lips were cold and lifeless; and, at last, believing her surely dead, he held her face close to him and kissed her mouth and eyes as the father of the little girl had kissed his child when she was returning to him. With the first whisper of breath came from Claire's lips he was holding her like this, staring into the blackness. Her heart, beating faintly, responded to the call of life close against his eyes. Her lips grew warm. Her eyes opened. Paul kissed her again in the blackness that shut them in and found that she was alive.

He did not cry out or speak, but brushed her thick, wet hair back and pressed his face close to hers, and waited. In her first consciousness Claire's arms crept about his neck. Her lips breathed his name. Words were futile for a little while (only in reach. But the undertow brought her up nearer. For a second, two of them, three or four, it held her away from him, and each of these seconds was a lifetime in passing. Then he saw the distance between them widening, and as it widened the things below began to drag Claire down. She made no struggle, did not cry out to him, but only raised her hands so that he might see they were waiting for him and wanting him, as she went to her kingdom of Micomicon, her land of dreams.

He swung himself out, thrusting against the rock, and when the agony of the water pit dragged at their victim Claire was in his arms. His brain was heavily alive again, and he knew that teams of oxen could have pulled but faintly against the undercurrents, which, one after another, were transporting them irresistibly and yet without great haste through watery space. Thought of physical salvation scarcely entered in a ray of hope through his mind, and his senses were untroubled by the suffocating presence of death. In Claire were his strength and courage. He looked at her arms about her chest. He felt her feet clinging to him with the same desire to remain inseparable when the end came. Strange, a thing, when of Micomicon—a land of Abraham—a place of fables—a world of dreams—They were going to it all. Between the walls where no man had ever looked, death! A magnificent adventure, with Claire in it, and a roaring lifted his ears. They were traveling swiftly now. The senses grew less distinct, like colors merging one into another in a misty haze. Queer, why it should end the this after years of life—he and Claire—Together—as it must have been reached from the beginning. A profound gratitude of fate, an immense sympathy of fulfillment—to pass on like this with Claire, no matter how many hundred centuries had gone by, fire! And some one's wife said that death meant more than the years when she was—

The current was an enemy of sound. It was like the wind in the cave of Atrides, its thunder the stones' hoarse rumbling through the empty bowels of the earth. They numbered and unnumbered, yet left him with a shroud of living, thinking, which told him they were rushing through the gullet of the gorge, and which, at the same time, held his mind unyielding as bands of steel about Claire's body.

Although close to the edge of abysses of utter darkness, consciousness did not quite leave him. Vague and experienced the thrill of being transported out of a hell of tumultuous sound into a soft and gently drifting sea which was without noise or stir, it was pleasant to use either. Quite a fence. For an interval he fancied his arms were wings and that he was trying to fly, making rather a bad mess of it because one side of him refused to co-ordinate with the other. This was the arm, only one arm now, which held Claire. With the other, after a little, he found himself clawing and digging into something. A man may live a hundred years, but when he is ready to die and looks back over the path he has traveled, it seems very short, and the hundred years no more than a few hours. Paul had relied upon the illusory and baseless force of time, its inadequacy and the holiness of its human measurement. "One who is happy has but a fleeting vision of life," Claire had said to him once. "To live long and terribly, one must be unhappy—in prison." It was odd why he should be thinking of this as he continued to claw and dig. But time had fastened itself upon him like a leech, and if each second of his wide-awake life had been as long as these few seconds he would have lived a thousand years. During this cycle of his existence he slowly and tediously progressed, until, with air filling his lungs again, and the smothering folds of near-insensibility breaking away from him, he knew that he was no longer in water, that his fingers were clutching at soft sand, and that the burden which he had dragged with him was Claire.

ing to fly, making rather a bad mess of it because one side of him refused to co-ordinate with the other. This was the arm, only one arm now, which held Claire. With the other, after a little, he found himself clawing and digging into something. A man may live a hundred years, but when he is ready to die and looks back over the path he has traveled, it seems very short, and the hundred years no more than a few hours. Paul had relied upon the illusory and baseless force of time, its inadequacy and the holiness of its human measurement. "One who is happy has but a fleeting vision of life," Claire had said to him once. "To live long and terribly, one must be unhappy—in prison." It was odd why he should be thinking of this as he continued to claw and dig. But time had fastened itself upon him like a leech, and if each second of his wide-awake life had been as long as these few seconds he would have lived a thousand years. During this cycle of his existence he slowly and tediously progressed, until, with air filling his lungs again, and the smothering folds of near-insensibility breaking away from him, he knew that he was no longer in water, that his fingers were clutching at soft sand, and that the burden which he had dragged with him was Claire.

There was scarcely a breath between this knowledge and the full and poignant possession of every faculty with which his brain was capable of being inspired. But darkness, mystery, the defeat of death, and the fact of his own physical salvation were submerged all at once in an agonized appeal to the limp, dead form which he clung to in his arms. The spirits of the subtle blackness about him listened to his voice calling Claire's name as he struggled to bring her back into her body. Once he had worked over a little girl who had been taken from the water, and now memory came to him vividly of the first gentle beating of the heart again, the slow returning of the soul into the tender body, until the child lived and breathed once more. But Claire's soft breast gave no response. Her lips were cold and lifeless; and, at last, believing her surely dead, he held her face close to him and kissed her mouth and eyes as the father of the little girl had kissed his child when she was returning to him. With the first whisper of breath came from Claire's lips he was holding her like this, staring into the blackness. Her heart, beating faintly, responded to the call of life close against his eyes. Her lips grew warm. Her eyes opened. Paul kissed her again in the blackness that shut them in and found that she was alive.

He did not cry out or speak, but brushed her thick, wet hair back and pressed his face close to hers, and waited. In her first consciousness Claire's arms crept about his neck. Her lips breathed his name. Words were futile for a little while (only in reach. But the undertow brought her up nearer. For a second, two of them, three or four, it held her away from him, and each of these seconds was a lifetime in passing. Then he saw the distance between them widening, and as it widened the things below began to drag Claire down. She made no struggle, did not cry out to him, but only raised her hands so that he might see they were waiting for him and wanting him, as she went to her kingdom of Micomicon, her land of dreams.

He swung himself out, thrusting against the rock, and when the agony of the water pit dragged at their victim Claire was in his arms. His brain was heavily alive again, and he knew that teams of oxen could have pulled but faintly against the undercurrents, which, one after another, were transporting them irresistibly and yet without great haste through watery space. Thought of physical salvation scarcely entered in a ray of hope through his mind, and his senses were untroubled by the suffocating presence of death. In Claire were his strength and courage. He looked at her arms about her chest. He felt her feet clinging to him with the same desire to remain inseparable when the end came. Strange, a thing, when of Micomicon—a land of Abraham—a place of fables—a world of dreams—They were going to it all. Between the walls where no man had ever looked, death! A magnificent adventure, with Claire in it, and a roaring lifted his ears. They were traveling swiftly now. The senses grew less distinct, like colors merging one into another in a misty haze. Queer, why it should end the this after years of life—he and Claire—Together—as it must have been reached from the beginning. A profound gratitude of fate, an immense sympathy of fulfillment—to pass on like this with Claire, no matter how many hundred centuries had gone by, fire! And some one's wife said that death meant more than the years when she was—

The current was an enemy of sound. It was like the wind in the cave of Atrides, its thunder the stones' hoarse rumbling through the empty bowels of the earth. They numbered and unnumbered, yet left him with a shroud of living, thinking, which told him they were rushing through the gullet of the gorge, and which, at the same time, held his mind unyielding as bands of steel about Claire's body.

Although close to the edge of abysses of utter darkness, consciousness did not quite leave him. Vague and experienced the thrill of being transported out of a hell of tumultuous sound into a soft and gently drifting sea which was without noise or stir, it was pleasant to use either. Quite a fence. For an interval he fancied his arms were wings and that he was trying to fly, making rather a bad mess of it because one side of him refused to co-ordinate with the other. This was the arm, only one arm now, which held Claire. With the other, after a little, he found himself clawing and digging into something. A man may live a hundred years, but when he is ready to die and looks back over the path he has traveled, it seems very short, and the hundred years no more than a few hours. Paul had relied upon the illusory and baseless force of time, its inadequacy and the holiness of its human measurement. "One who is happy has but a fleeting vision of life," Claire had said to him once. "To live long and terribly, one must be unhappy—in prison." It was odd why he should be thinking of this as he continued to claw and dig. But time had fastened itself upon him like a leech, and if each second of his wide-awake life had been as long as these few seconds he would have lived a thousand years. During this cycle of his existence he slowly and tediously progressed, until, with air filling his lungs again, and the smothering folds of near-insensibility breaking away from him, he knew that he was no longer in water, that his fingers were clutching at soft sand, and that the burden which he had dragged with him was Claire.

There was scarcely a breath between this knowledge and the full and poignant possession of every faculty with which his brain was capable of being inspired. But darkness, mystery, the defeat of death, and the fact of his own physical salvation were submerged all at once in an agonized appeal to the limp, dead form which he clung to in his arms. The spirits of the subtle blackness about him listened to his voice calling Claire's name as he struggled to bring her back into her body. Once he had worked over a little girl who had been taken from the water, and now memory came to him vividly of the first gentle beating of the heart again, the slow returning of the soul into the tender body, until the child lived and breathed once more. But Claire's soft breast gave no response. Her lips were cold and lifeless; and, at last, believing her surely dead, he held her face close to him and kissed her mouth and eyes as the father of the little girl had kissed his child when she was returning to him. With the first whisper of breath came from Claire's lips he was holding her like this, staring into the blackness. Her heart, beating faintly, responded to the call of life close against his eyes. Her lips grew warm. Her eyes opened. Paul kissed her again in the blackness that shut them in and found that she was alive.

He did not cry out or speak, but brushed her thick, wet hair back and pressed his face close to hers, and waited. In her first consciousness Claire's arms crept about his neck. Her lips breathed his name. Words were futile for a little while (only in reach. But the undertow brought her up nearer. For a second, two of them, three or four, it held her away from him, and each of these seconds was a lifetime in passing. Then he saw the distance between them widening, and as it widened the things below began to drag Claire down. She made no struggle, did not cry out to him, but only raised her hands so that he might see they were waiting for him and wanting him, as she went to her kingdom of Micomicon, her land of dreams.

He swung himself out, thrusting against the rock, and when the agony of the water pit dragged at their victim Claire was in his arms. His brain was heavily alive again, and he knew that teams of oxen could have pulled but faintly against the undercurrents, which, one after another, were transporting them irresistibly and yet without great haste through watery space. Thought of physical salvation scarcely entered in a ray of hope through his mind, and his senses were untroubled by the suffocating presence of death. In Claire were his strength and courage. He looked at her arms about her chest. He felt her feet clinging to him with the same desire to remain inseparable when the end came. Strange, a thing, when of Micomicon—a land of Abraham—a place of fables—a world of dreams—They were going to it all. Between the walls where no man had ever looked, death! A magnificent adventure, with Claire in it, and a roaring lifted his ears. They were traveling swiftly now. The senses grew less distinct, like colors merging one into another in a misty haze. Queer, why it should end the this after years of life—he and Claire—Together—as it must have been reached from the beginning. A profound gratitude of fate, an immense sympathy of fulfillment—to pass on like this with Claire, no matter how many hundred centuries had gone by, fire! And some one's wife said that death meant more than the years when she was—

The current was an enemy of sound. It was like the wind in the cave of Atrides, its thunder the stones' hoarse rumbling through the empty bowels of the earth. They numbered and unnumbered, yet left him with a shroud of living, thinking, which told him they were rushing through the gullet of the gorge, and which, at the same time, held his mind unyielding as bands of steel about Claire's body.

Although close to the edge of abysses of utter darkness, consciousness did not quite leave him. Vague and experienced the thrill of being transported out of a hell of tumultuous sound into a soft and gently drifting sea which was without noise or stir, it was pleasant to use either. Quite a fence. For an interval he fancied his arms were wings and that he was trying to fly, making rather a bad mess of it because one side of him refused to co-ordinate with the other. This was the arm, only one arm now, which held Claire. With the other, after a little, he found himself clawing and digging into something. A man may live a hundred years, but when he is ready to die and looks back over the path he has traveled, it seems very short, and the hundred years no more than a few hours. Paul had relied upon the illusory and baseless force of time, its inadequacy and the holiness of its human measurement. "One who is happy has but a fleeting vision of life," Claire had said to him once. "To live long and terribly, one must be unhappy—in prison." It was odd why he should be thinking of this as he continued to claw and dig. But time had fastened itself upon him like a leech, and if each second of his wide-awake life had been as long as these few seconds he would have lived a thousand years. During this cycle of his existence he slowly and tediously progressed, until, with air filling his lungs again, and the smothering folds of near-insensibility breaking away from him, he knew that he was no longer in water, that his fingers were clutching at soft sand, and that the burden which he had dragged with him was Claire.

There was scarcely a breath between this knowledge and the full and poignant possession of every faculty with which his brain was capable of being inspired. But darkness, mystery, the defeat of death, and the fact of his own physical salvation were submerged all at once in an agonized appeal to the limp, dead form which he clung to in his arms. The spirits of the subtle blackness about him listened to his voice calling Claire's name as he struggled to bring her back into her body. Once he had worked over a little girl who had been taken from the water, and now memory came to him vividly of the first gentle beating of the heart again, the slow returning of the soul into the tender body, until the child lived and breathed once more. But Claire's soft breast gave no response. Her lips were cold and lifeless; and, at last, believing her surely dead, he held her face close to him and kissed her mouth and eyes as the father of the little girl had kissed his child when she was returning to him. With the first whisper of breath came from Claire's lips he was holding her like this, staring into the blackness. Her heart, beating faintly, responded to the call of life close against his eyes. Her lips grew warm. Her eyes opened. Paul kissed her again in the blackness that shut them in and found that she was alive.

ished and taken their teams home. The horses are all looking very well.

There was a Grange meeting at the hall Saturday evening, but on account of the condition of the roads the attendance was small.

Charles Robertson called at H. R. Powers' last Sunday.

Mark Arsenault is still confined to the house with a bad foot.

Robert Davis was in Bethel last Friday night to take Miss Anderson, who is teaching at the "Branch," to the station.

GREENWOOD CENTER

Mrs. Elsie Cole and children have returned home after a visit with relatives at Locke Mills.

Glenn Martin has been ill with the prevailing epidemic.

Mrs. Laura Seames, Evelyn and Peter Seames visited friends and relatives at Locke Mills a few days last week.

Nestor Tamminen from West Paris was at E. K. Cole's recently and repaired a radio.

Mrs. Robert Cole of Locke Mills was a recent caller in this vicinity.

Mrs. Stella Millett, of West Paris visited with Gladys Bailey one day last week.

Lamont Brooks from Rowe Hill, A. M. Whitman and son Merle, and John King from Greenwood City have been hauling sawdust from D. R. Cole's birch mill.

Mary Martin visited with her aunt, Mrs. Mary Cole, and with her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Waterhouse, at West Paris a few days recently.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Roberts spent the week end at R. I. Martin's.

Eugene Elwell and Harry Tibbitts were at Bryant Pond Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Morgan spent the week end at D. R. Cole's.

Elsie Cole is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Dunham.

Roy Martin and Willie Morgan were at Long Mountain Sunday.

Frank Nash of Bryant Pond was in this vicinity recently doing plumbing work.

WEST GREENWOOD

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Croteau have moved from Albany where he has been working all winter to his home in this vicinity.

Will Seames returned home from Upton where he has been working for Marshall Hastings since last November. Mr. Wilber is cutting pulp in this vicinity.

John Harrington spent Sunday at his home.

School in West Greenwood will begin March 24.

Mrs. Lillian Lapham called on her grandmother one afternoon last week.

NORTHWEST BETHEL

Eleanor Beck was taken to the Maine General Hospital at Portland for an operation of appendicitis recently. Her mother, Mrs. Lester Proof, went with her.

Sally Chapman of Bethel was a guest of Virginia Brown recently.

T. H. Schools is visiting his son, George M. Schools.

Marion Skillings and Grace Nogle called at Floyd Coolidge's Sunday.

Adelaide Russell is working for Mrs. Albert Silver.

George Schools has gone to Lewiston to visit his aunt, Mrs. E. S. Skillings.

Watch this Space for Dates



Eyes Examined, Glasses Furnished by
E. L. GREENLEAF, Optometrist
over Rowe's Store

Know What You Buy

Nationally Advertised Goods are sold
by Bethel Merchants

The purchaser of standard advertised products takes no chances. The quality and price are right. The manufacturer cannot afford to have it otherwise.

Buy Nationally Advertised Goods in Bethel

- | | |
|---|-------------------------------|
| ATWATER KENT Radios and Tubes, | Edw. P. Lyon |
| BAY STATE PAINTS and Varnishes, | D Grover Brooks |
| BIRD'S ROOFING, SHINGLES, etc., | D. Grover Brooks |
| BON-TONE TONIC, | W. E. Bosserman |
| CELOTEX, | H. I. Bean, Building Material |
| COMMUNITY SILVERWARE, | J. P. Butts, Hardware |
| COMMUNITY and WM. ROGERS PLATE, | Edw. P. Lyon |
| CONGOLEUM ART SQUARES, | D. Grover Brooks |
| DE LAVAL Milkers and Separators, | C. L. DAVIS |
| EDMUND Johnson Shoes. Better Shoes for Everybody, | M. A. Naimy |
| EXIDE BATTERIES, | Crockett's Garage |
| Fairbanks Morse Water Systems, Washing Machines, | C. L. DAVIS |
| FISK and FIRESTONE TIRES, | Herrick Bros. Co. |
| FORD PRODUCTS, | Herrick Bros. Co. |
| GOODRICH TIRES, | Crockett's Garage |
| GOODYEAR TIRES and TUBES, | Central Service Station |
| JOHN DEERE Farm Machinery, | C. L. DAVIS |
| MCCORMICK DEERING Farm Machinery, | C. L. DAVIS |
| MURPHY'S VARNISHES and Stains, | J. P. Butts, Hardware |
| MYERS PUMPS, | D. Grover Brooks |
| MYERS PUMPS and Farm Equipment, | C. L. DAVIS |
| NASH CLOTHES—Made-to-Measure, | Horace E. Littlefield |
| NEPONSET WALL BOARD, | H. I. Bean, Building Material |
| OAKLAND-PONTIAC Automobiles, | Crockett's Garage |
| OLIVER FARM MACHINERY, | C. L. DAVIS |
| PLASTER BOARD, Bestwall and Gypsum, | H. I. Bean, Bldg. Material |
| PYREX WARE, | J. P. BUTTS, Hardware |
| RADIOLA, Majestic, Steinite, Crosley Radios, | Crockett's Garage |
| STANLEY TOOLS, | D. Grover Brooks |
| STANLEY and Millers Falls Tools, | J. R. Butts, Hardware |
| VICTOR RADIO AND VICTOR RECORDS | E. P. LYON |



Paul saw the Swift, Deliberate Plunge Through Space of the Slim Body.

